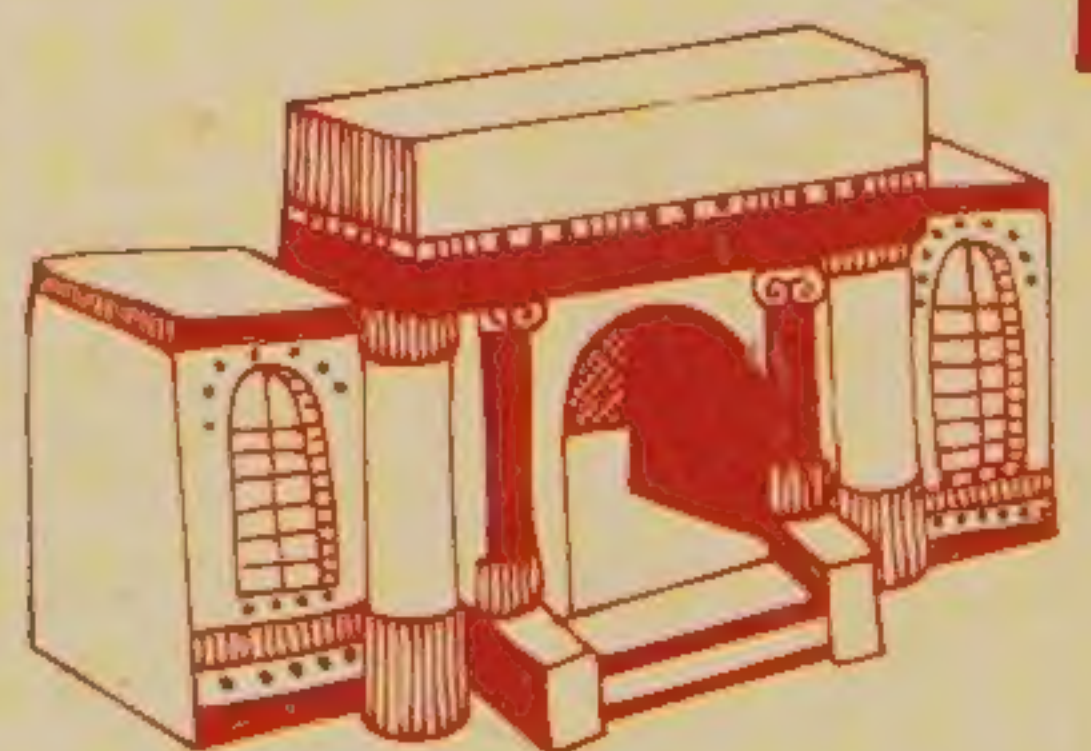
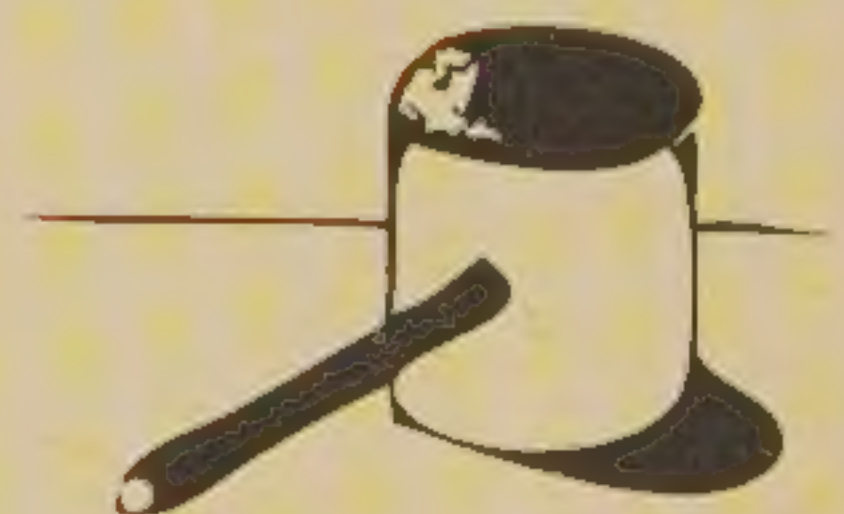
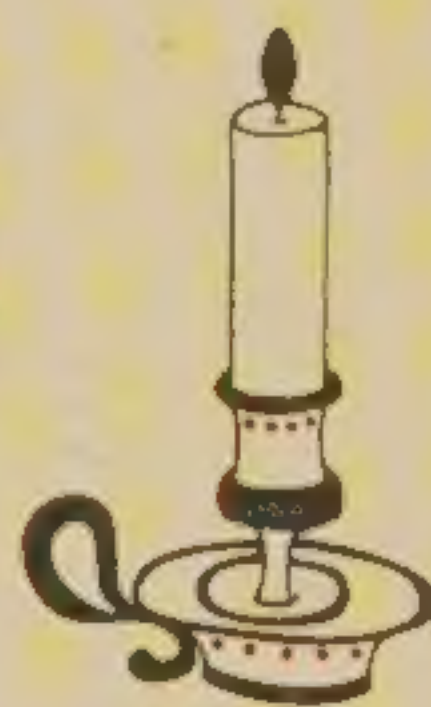
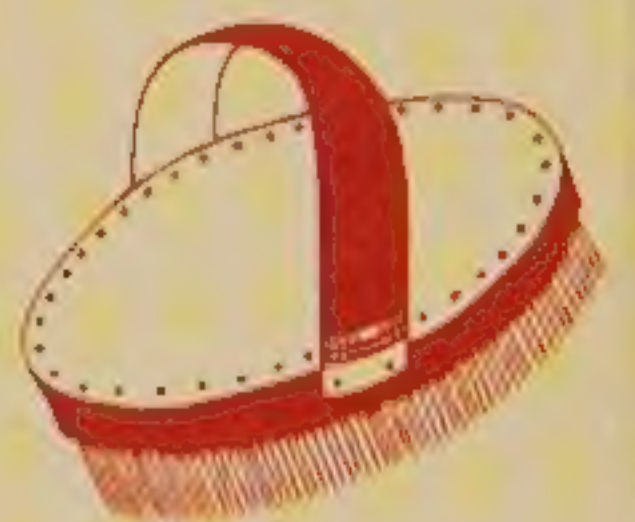
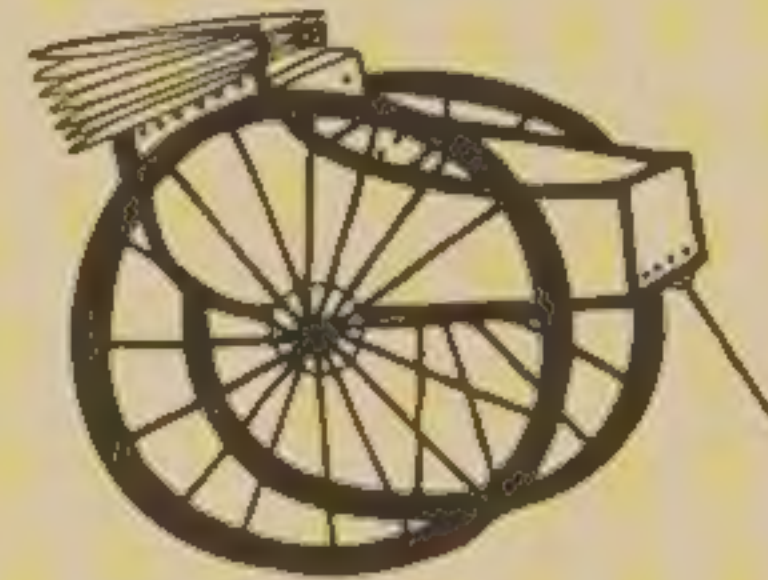
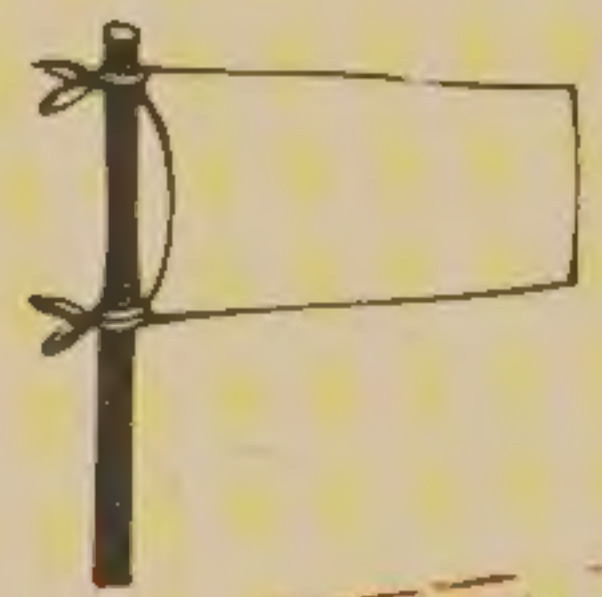
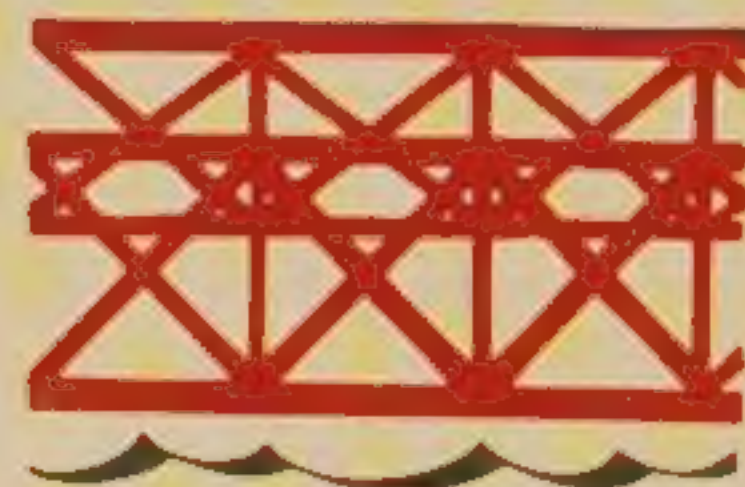
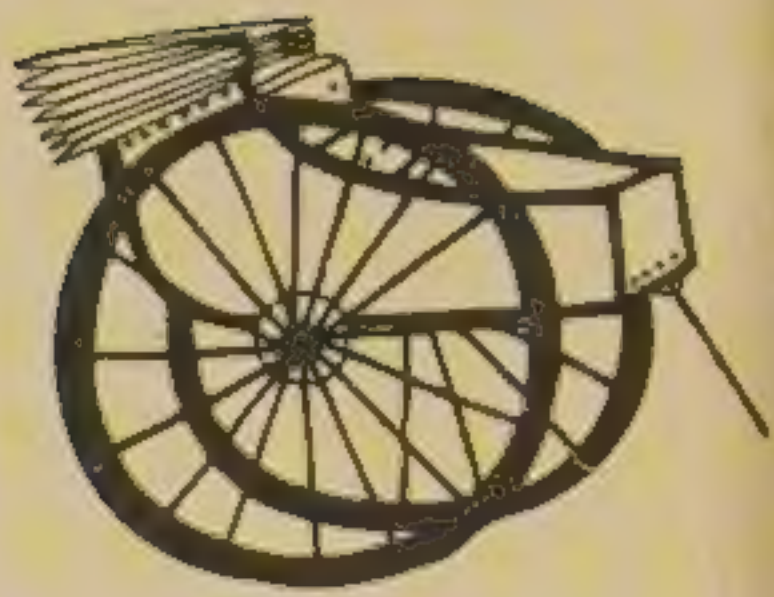
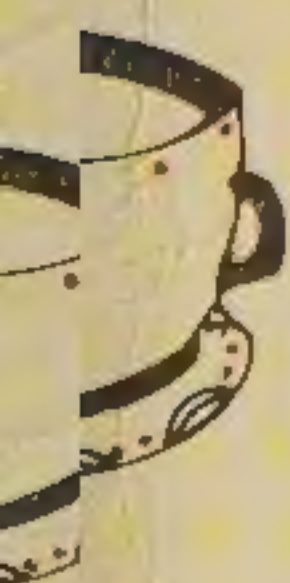
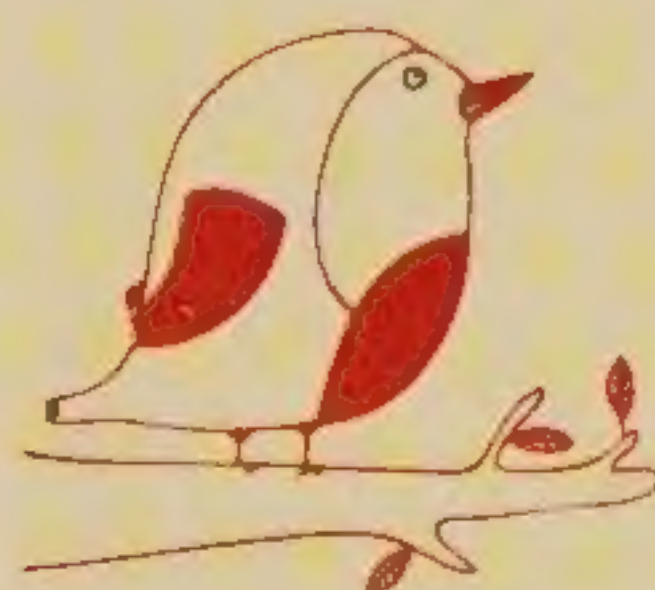
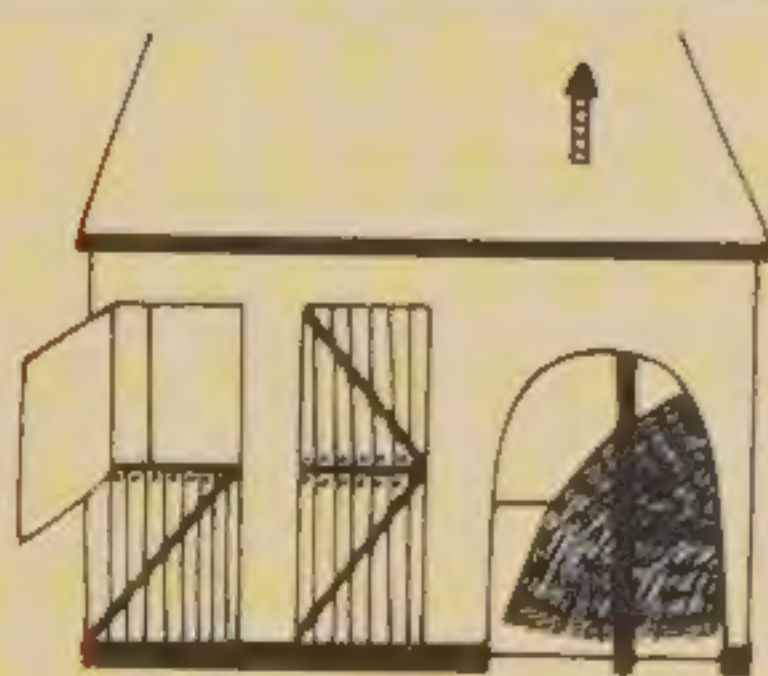
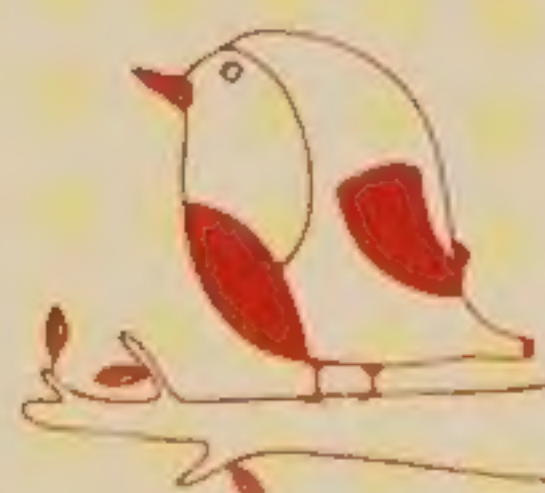
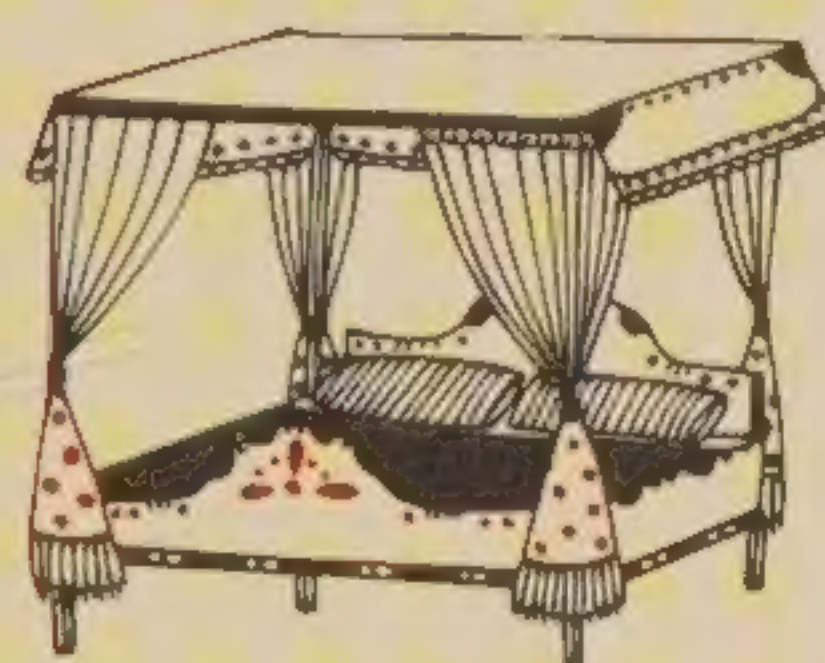
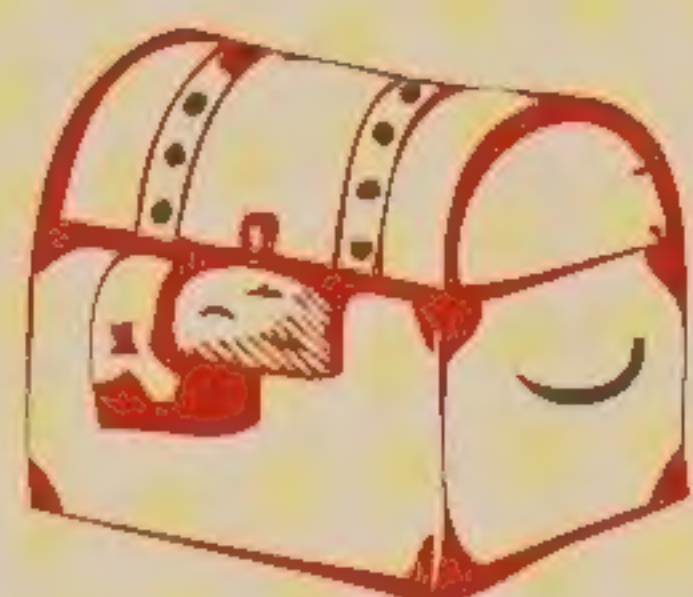
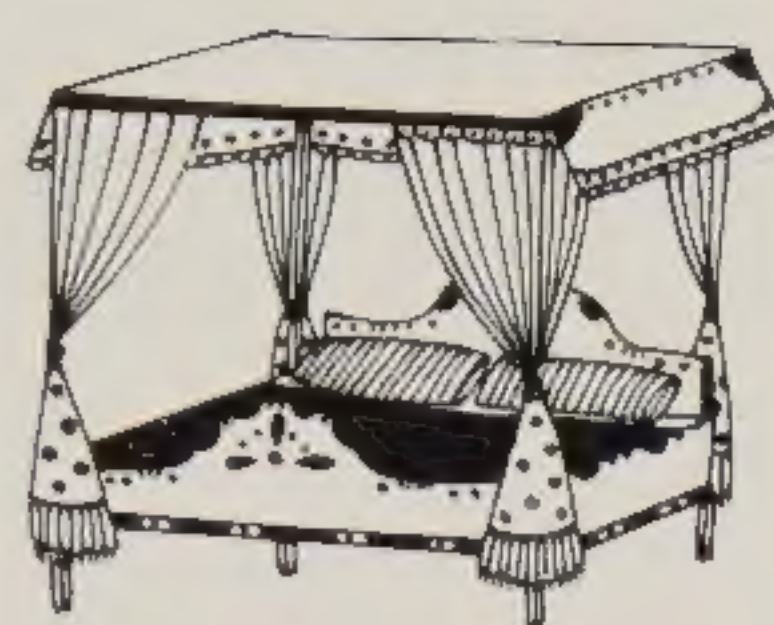
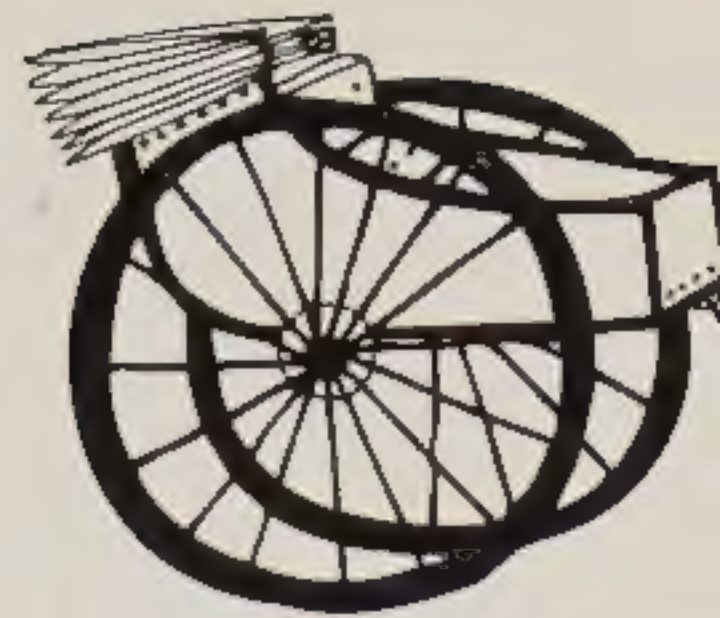




Heidi

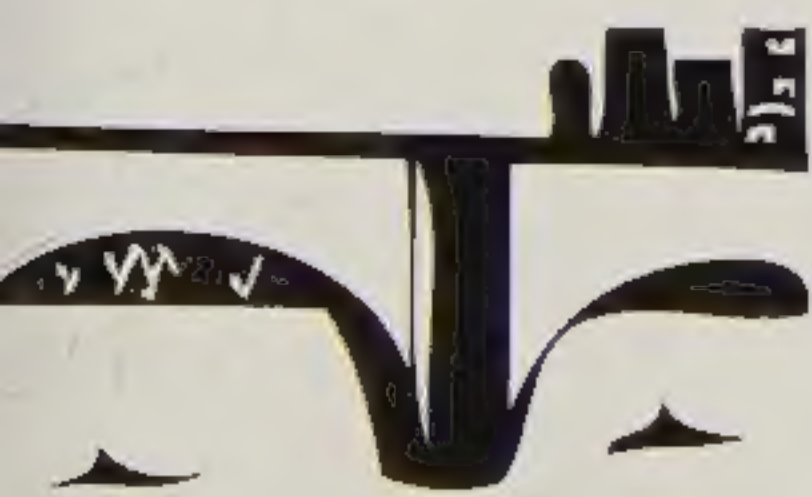
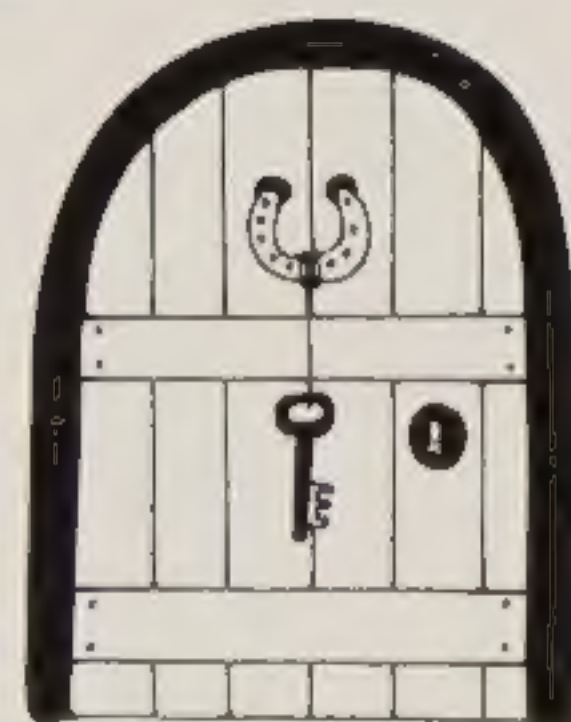
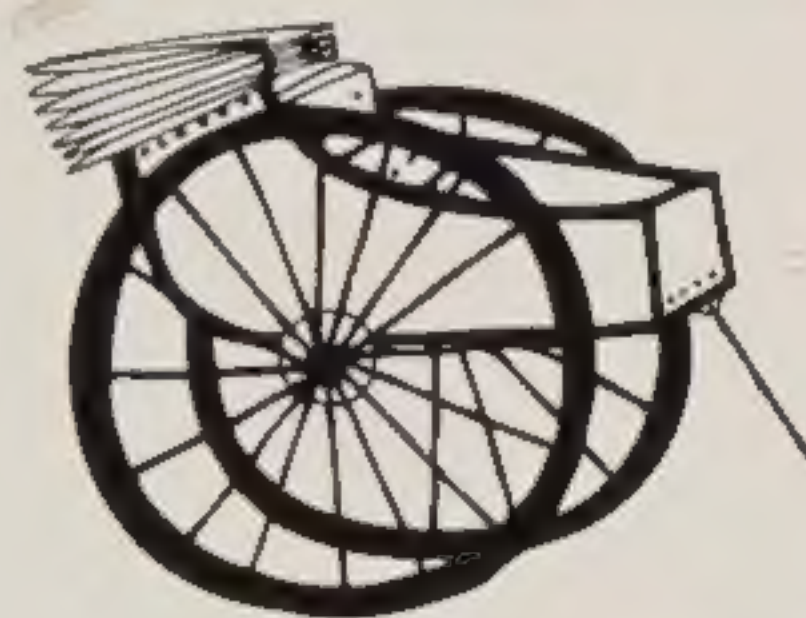
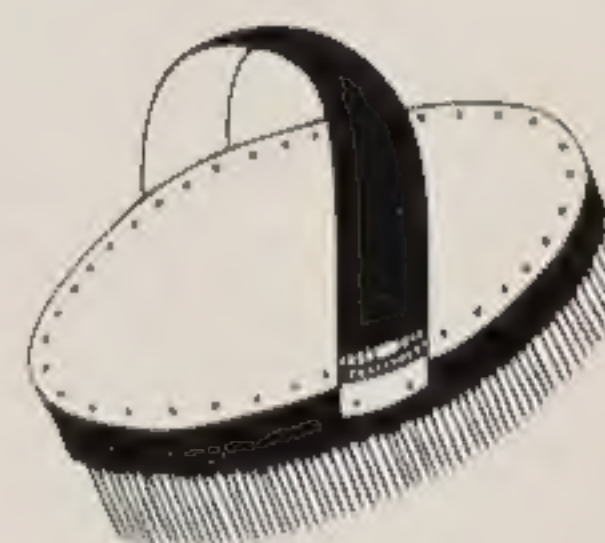
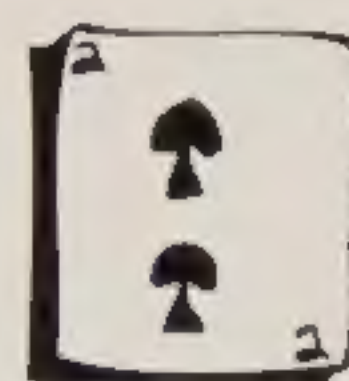
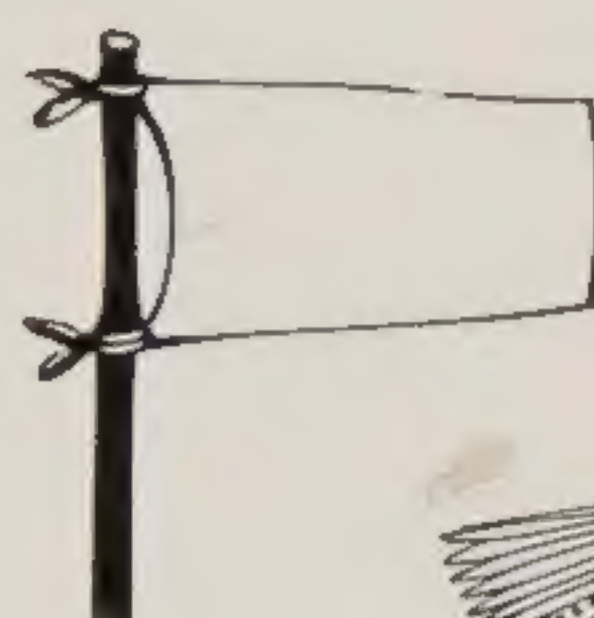






This LADYBIRD CLASSIC
belongs to

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A History of the Author

Johanna Spyri was born in Switzerland in 1827. She wrote many stories about children, but none is more famous than *Heidi*. It is this tale, more than any other, that expresses the author's deep love for the mountains and landscapes of her native land, and her understanding of children's feelings.

Chapter illustrations by Valeria Valenza

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LADYBIRD  CLASSICS

Heidi

by Johanna Spyri



Retold by Alison Ainsworth
Illustrated by Martina Peluso

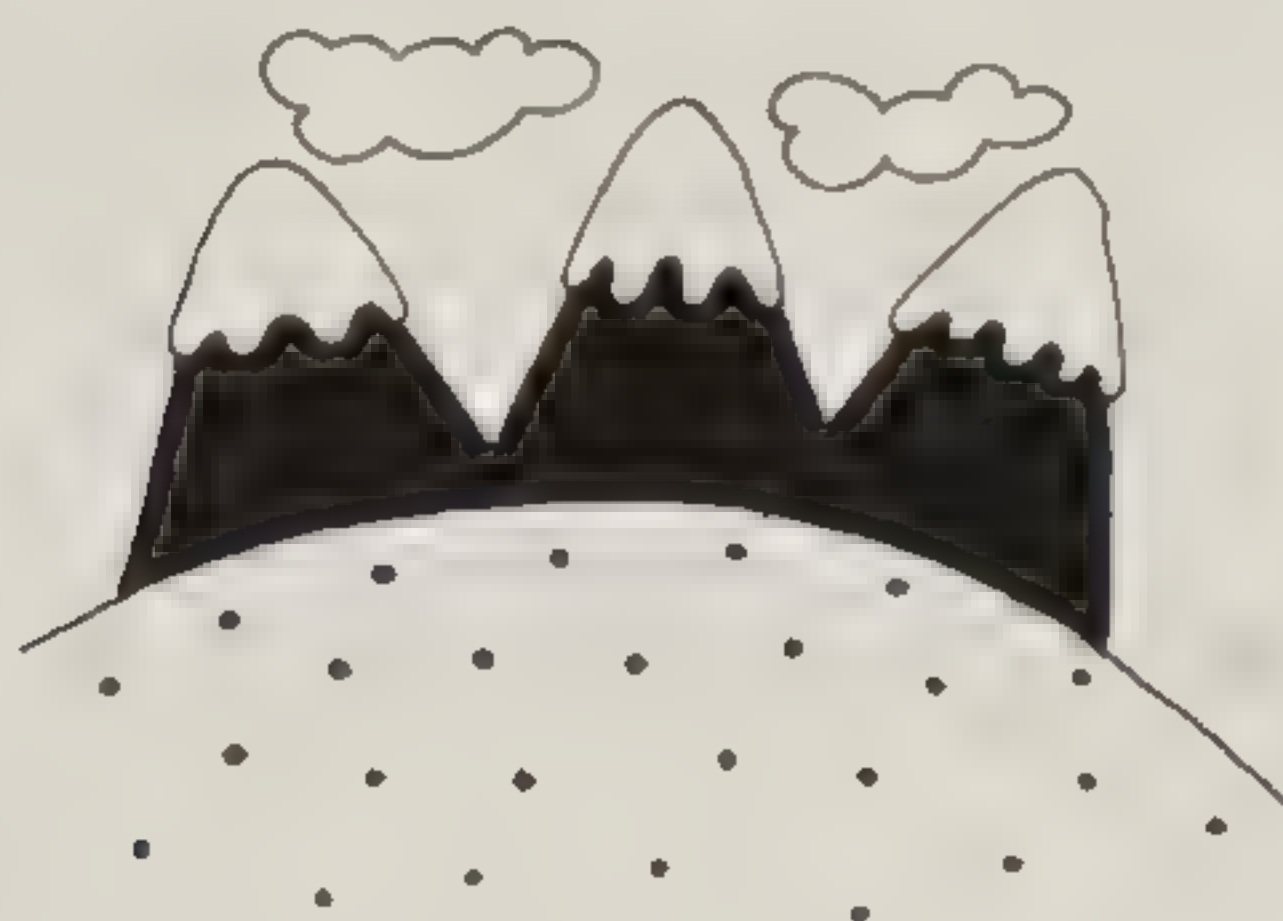
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CHAPTER ONE

Up to the Alm-Uncle



THIS IS THE story of a little orphan girl called Heidi, who was so happy that she made everyone around her happy, too.

The story begins on a sunny day, in the mountains of Switzerland.

Heidi was climbing up a steep path to her grandfather's cottage; her Aunt Dete was with her. Heidi had been looked after by Aunt Dete since she was a baby. But

now Aunt Dete had a new job in a big city called Frankfurt. She wanted Heidi's grandfather to look after the child.

Heidi didn't know it, but her grandfather was a fierce old man who only came down from the mountain when he had goats' cheese to sell in Dorfli, the village in the valley. Everyone called him the Alm-Uncle, because the mountain he lived on was called the Alm.

Before Heidi and her aunt reached the cottage, they met a young goatherd called Peter, who was taking his goats to the high pasture. Heidi walked amongst the goats, chattering happily to Peter. She was entranced by her beautiful new surroundings. Happily, she kicked off her boots and skipped barefoot on the soft grass.

At last they reached the Alm-Uncle's cottage. The Alm-Uncle was sitting outside on a bench, and Heidi ran



straight up to him.

‘Good day, Grandfather!’ she called.

‘Well, well, what have we here?’ enquired the old man, glaring at Heidi from beneath his bushy eyebrows. Dete explained why she had brought Heidi. Then, as she was rather frightened of the old man, she turned and ran down the mountain.

At first the Alm-Uncle was angry. He hadn’t seen Heidi for years, and what did he know about looking after little girls? But Heidi was such a bright, cheerful child that his heart softened.

Heidi couldn’t wait to explore her new home. The cottage was small but cosy. There was one big room with a fireplace where all the cooking was done. The only furniture was a table and chair, and Grandfather’s bed. In a corner stood a ladder. Heidi climbed up and found herself in a tiny loft filled with fresh,



sweet-smelling hay. From a little window she could see far down into the valley.

‘Oh, Grandfather,’ cried Heidi, ‘please let me sleep up here! It’s lovely!’

So Grandfather brought sheets and blankets and made a snug little bed in the hay. Then it was time to eat. Supper was a large chunk of cheese, a thick slice of bread and a bowl of fresh goats’ milk. Everything tasted delicious.

That night Heidi lay in her soft bed listening happily to the wind in the pine trees. Soon she was fast asleep, dreaming of goats and mountains.

CHAPTER TWO

On the Alm



THE NEXT MORNING Grandfather asked Heidi if she would like to go to the pasture with Peter. Heidi could think of nothing better. Grandfather put a big piece of cheese and a huge slice of bread in Peter's rucksack. 'This is Heidi's lunch,' he explained. Then he gave Peter a wooden bowl. 'This is for Heidi, too,' he said. 'Milk one of the goats and

give Heidi two good bowlfuls.'

The two children set off for the high pasture. Peter waved his stick and whistled to keep the goats together. Heidi skipped along beside him, stopping now and then to look at the flowers.

When they reached the high pasture, Peter stretched out on the grass, and Heidi sat next to him. The valley lay far below, sparkling in the sunshine. The golden sunlight, the fresh breeze and the perfume of the flowers filled Heidi with joy. She wished she could stay there forever.

When it was time to eat, Heidi gave Peter most of her bread and cheese. Peter had never had such a good lunch – his family were poor and there never seemed to be enough to eat.

The day passed quickly. Suddenly Heidi exclaimed, 'Look, Peter! The mountains are burning! And the sky is on fire, too!' Peter laughed and said it was like that



every evening at sunset. Heidi gasped as the mountains and the sky turned a rosy pink. A moment later, all was grey, and it was time to return home.

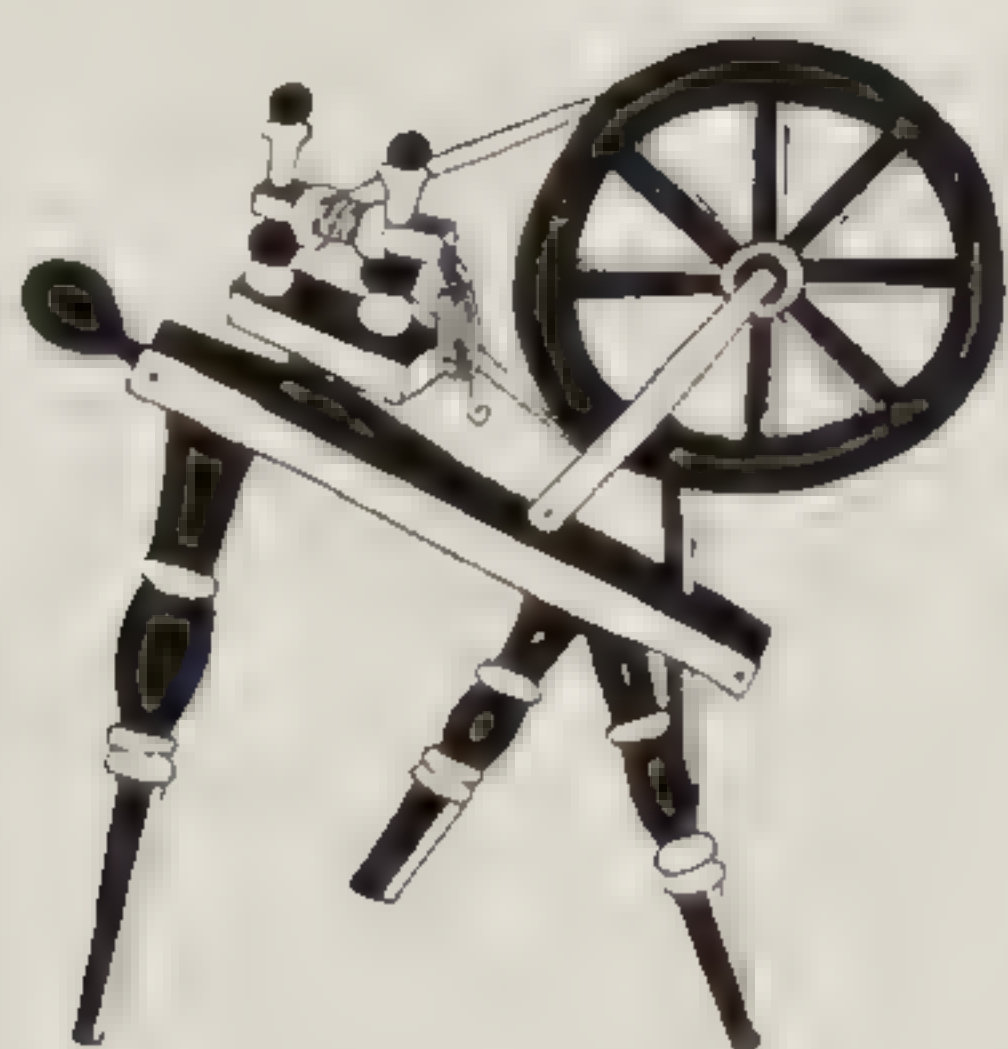
That evening, Heidi asked Grandfather why the mountains had seemed to be on fire.

‘That’s what the sun does to say good night to the mountains,’ he explained.

Once more, Heidi slept peacefully in her cosy bed, dreaming of pink mountains and flowers.

CHAPTER THREE

Peter's Grandmother



HEIDI SPENT EVERY day on the pasture with Peter and the goats. Her little face shone with health.

Autumn came, and the days grew colder. Then one morning Heidi woke to find the whole Alm covered with snow. Peter could no longer herd the goats. He was supposed to go to school during the winter, but he refused. He hated lessons,

and he couldn't see the point of learning to read or write.

One evening Peter came to see Heidi, and told her that his grandmother would like Heidi to visit her. So the next day, Grandfather wrapped Heidi in a warm blanket and took her down the mountain on his big sledge. He left her at the cottage door.

Heidi went in. The cottage was dark, and very shabby. Some of the windows were cracked, and there were holes in the roof. An old lady sat in one corner, bent over a spinning wheel.

'Good afternoon, Grandmother!' said Heidi, going over to her.

The old lady reached out and touched Heidi's hand. 'Is it Heidi?' she asked. After a moment, Heidi realized that the old lady was blind.

Heidi stayed all afternoon, chattering about Grandfather and the mountains.



Grandmother had not enjoyed herself so much for a long time.

The next day Heidi visited Grandmother again. This time Grandfather went with her and mended the broken windows. Peter's mother and grandmother were pleased to see him, because it was a long time since he had visited them. They were also thankful to have the windows repaired.

All through the winter, Heidi visited Peter's cottage, and Grandmother's days were no longer as dreary as they had once been.

CHAPTER FOUR

Two Visitors to the Alm



A YEAR WENT by, and Heidi was eight years old. One spring morning, she saw an old gentleman dressed in black making his way up to the cottage. It was the pastor. He had come to ask the Alm-Uncle to live in the village during the winter, so that Heidi could go to school. But Grandfather was a stubborn old man. He hated the villagers and wanted nothing to do with

them. The pastor shook his head sadly, and returned to the village.

Later that day another visitor arrived. This time it was Aunt Dete, dressed in fine city clothes. Grandfather was not pleased to see her.

Dete explained that she had come to take Heidi to Frankfurt. She knew of a wealthy businessman who wanted a companion for his invalid daughter, and Dete thought Heidi would be perfect. She told Grandfather it would be much better for Heidi to live with a good family where she could learn proper manners and wear fine clothes.

At first Grandfather was furious, but he knew he couldn't keep Heidi to himself and so, with a heavy heart, he agreed to let her go.

Heidi didn't want to leave Grandfather, but Dete told her that she could come back if she didn't like living in Frankfurt.

Then she gathered Heidi's clothes together and wrapped them in a shawl. Heidi wanted to say goodbye to Grandmother, but Dete said they must hurry or they would miss the train. She told Heidi that she could bring back some soft white rolls for Grandmother. Heidi brightened at once and she started to run down the mountain. She didn't realize how far away Frankfurt was, and she couldn't wait to fetch the rolls for Grandmother!

CHAPTER FIVE

Frankfurt



IN A BIG house in Frankfurt, Clara Sesemann waited impatiently for her new companion to arrive. Clara was twelve years old. She was a delicate child – her legs were so weak that she had to sit in a wheelchair – and she had no brothers or sisters to keep her company. Her father was a kind man, but he was away a great deal on business trips. Clara's mother

had died several years before, and the household was looked after by a very strict woman called Fräulein Rottenmeier.

At last Heidi and Dete arrived. When Fräulein Rottenmeier saw Heidi she was not very pleased, as she thought Heidi would be far too young for Clara. And when she discovered that Heidi could neither read nor write, she was furious. But Dete explained that Heidi was a bright child and would learn quickly. Then she said goodbye to Heidi and left.

Fräulein Rottenmeier did not approve of Heidi's name and insisted on calling her Adelheid. But Clara was delighted with her new friend. At supper time, Heidi was pleased to see a soft white roll on her plate, and she slipped it into her pocket! Sebastian, the butler, smiled when he saw this, but said nothing.

Fräulein Rottenmeier told Heidi that she must never speak to the servants as



if they were friends. Then she told Heidi all the other things she must and must not do. Poor Heidi was so tired after her long journey that she fell asleep at the supper table! Fräulein Rottenmeier was shocked. How could the child be so rude? But Clara thought it the most entertaining meal she had ever had.

CHAPTER SIX

An Eventful Day



WHEN HEIDI WOKE up the next morning, she was in a high white bed in a large room. She blinked and rubbed her eyes, trying to think where she was. Suddenly she remembered – this was Frankfurt!

Heidi jumped out of bed, got dressed and crept behind the long, heavy curtains to look outside. All she could see was the

house across the street. There were no trees or green fields.

As Clara couldn't go to school, a teacher gave her lessons at home, and Heidi was going to share those lessons. After breakfast, she went into the study with Clara.

Halfway through the morning, Fräulein Rottenmeier heard a loud commotion in the study. She rushed in to find the whole room in an uproar. Books, papers and pens were scattered everywhere. And there was no sign of Heidi.

'What is the meaning of this?' cried Fräulein Rottenmeier. 'And where is Adelheid?'

'Please don't be cross,' said Clara. 'Heidi heard a carriage in the street and she rushed downstairs to look at it. In her excitement she knocked everything off the table.'

Fräulein Rottenmeier hurried

downstairs. She found Heidi standing in the doorway, looking out into the street.

‘I thought I heard the wind howling through the pine trees,’ was all Heidi could say, sadly.

‘What nonsense!’ exclaimed Fräulein Rottenmeier. ‘Do you think we live in a wood? Come upstairs at once!’

Poor Heidi! How she longed to see trees and mountains again. She felt like a prisoner, shut up in the big house. That afternoon, while Clara rested, Heidi crept downstairs and went out of the front door.

In the street, Heidi saw a boy of about her own age playing a barrel organ. She asked him if he knew where she could see the mountains. He took her to a church with a very high tower.

The church caretaker let Heidi climb the stairs to the top of the tower. The city

of Frankfurt stretched all around as far as the eye could see, but there were no mountains.

Heidi was very disappointed. Then, as she made her way downstairs, she saw a big basket under the sloping roof of the church. It was full of kittens! To Heidi's delight, the caretaker gave her two of the tiny creatures. She put one in each pocket, then found her way back to Clara's house.

Sebastian let her in. He told her to be quick, as everyone was at dinner and Fräulein Rottenmeier was extremely angry.

'Adelheid!' began Fräulein Rottenmeier, as soon as Heidi took her place at the table. 'How dare you leave the house without permission?'

'Miaow!'

'What? You are rude as well as naughty!'



‘I didn’t...’ began Heidi. ‘*Miaow! Miaow!*

‘That will do!’ snapped Fräulein Rottenmeier. ‘Leave the room at once!’

‘But...’ stammered Heidi. ‘*Miaow! Miaow!*’

‘Heidi,’ said Clara, ‘why do you keep saying “*Miaow*”? It really is very rude.’

‘It isn’t me – it’s the kittens,’ blurted Heidi, almost in tears.

‘What? Cats!’ shrieked Fräulein Rottenmeier. ‘Sebastian! Remove the disgusting animals at once!’ And she fled to her room and locked the door. She hated cats more than anything.

Sebastian hid the kittens in the attic room, and the two girls spent many happy hours playing there with their pets, safe from Fräulein Rottenmeier’s prying eyes.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Homesick



AS THE DAYS passed, Heidi talked of nothing but Peter and the goats, Grandfather and the mountains. She grew more and more unhappy.

‘I must go home today,’ she would say each day. But Clara would persuade her to stay, saying, ‘Just wait until Papa comes home!’

At last Heidi could wait no longer.

She took the rolls she had saved for Grandmother, put on her straw hat and shawl and set off for home. But Fräulein Rottenmeier found her and marched her back to the house.

‘How could you leave this beautiful home?’ she demanded. ‘Have you ever been treated better or had so many servants to look after you? You are an ungrateful little girl!’

A few days later there was great excitement in the house, because Herr Sesemann, Clara’s father, had returned at last.

Fräulein Rottenmeier told him at once that Heidi was not a suitable companion for his daughter. Herr Sesemann replied that Clara was very happy with her new friend, and that was more important than anything else.

Herr Sesemann stayed at home for only a short while before setting off on

his business travels again. But the day after he left, a letter came from Clara's grandmother to say that she would be arriving the very next day. Clara was overjoyed.

Clara's grandmother had twinkling eyes and wore a lacy frill over her white hair. Heidi called her 'Madam' at first, as Fräulein Rottenmeier had told her to do. But the old lady smiled and said Heidi should call her 'Grandmamma', as Clara did.

Grandmamma was surprised to learn that Heidi could neither read nor write, and she promised to read to Heidi every day while Clara rested. So, one afternoon she called Heidi to her room and showed her a book with beautiful pictures in it. As Heidi looked at the book, she came upon a picture of a shepherd in a lovely green pasture at sunset. All at once, tears began streaming down Heidi's cheeks.

Grandmamma took Heidi's hand.
'Don't cry, child,' she said gently. 'Does the picture remind you of something? There is a beautiful story about it, and I am going to read it to you. So dry your eyes and be happy again.'

Heidi stopped crying at last, and Grandmamma told her she could keep the book when she had learnt to read for herself.

Heidi felt much happier when she was with Grandmamma, but she was still very homesick. As the days went by, she lost her appetite and grew thin and pale. At night she lay awake, longing to be back in the mountains. When she finally fell asleep, she dreamt of pine trees and fields of buttercups. Each time she woke up and realized she was still in the big bed in Frankfurt, she would weep quietly, her face pressed into the pillow so that no one should hear.



Grandmamma noticed how pale Heidi had become, but when she asked what was wrong Heidi would not tell her. She didn't want Grandmamma to think she was ungrateful.

One day Grandmamma told Heidi that if she had any troubles she should pray to God for his help. So Heidi prayed every night, begging to be allowed to return to her grandfather.

Soon after, Clara's teacher was amazed to discover that Heidi could read. That evening Grandmamma gave Heidi the beautiful picture book, just as she had promised. Before she went to bed, Heidi read aloud to Grandmamma and Clara, and from then on her greatest pleasure was to read the stories, over and over again.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The House is Haunted



THE DAY CAME when Grandmamma had to leave. Heidi and Clara felt very sad as they watched her carriage drive away.

That evening Heidi read aloud to Clara. The story was a sad tale about a grandmother who was dying. Heidi was at once reminded of Peter's grandmother and burst into tears. Clara tried to explain that it was only a story, but Heidi couldn't

stop crying. She kept thinking about Peter's grandmother and her own dear grandfather, too. What if they became ill and died? She might never see them again.

Autumn and winter passed, and the spring sun shone on the wall of the house opposite. Heidi knew it would soon be time for Peter to take the goats up to the pasture. She thought of the flowers glittering in the sunshine and the mountains turning crimson in the setting sun. And every night she cried into her pillow as though her heart would break.

Then one morning something very strange happened. When Sebastian came downstairs he found the front door standing wide open. At first he thought a burglar had been in the house, but nothing was missing and no damage had been done.

The next day the same thing happened, so Sebastian sat up all night in a small

room next to the hall. Just as the clock struck one, a sudden breeze blew out the candle. Sebastian rushed into the hall. The front door was wide open, and there on the stairs stood a ghostly figure. He blinked – and the figure vanished.

When Fräulein Rottenmeier heard what had happened, she wrote to Herr Sesemann, telling him that there was a ghost in the house, and begging him to come home.

Herr Sesemann returned at once. That night he asked his friend, Dr Classen, to wait with him in the small room by the hall. Just as the clock struck one, they heard the front door opening. With pistols at the ready, they stepped into the hall. Moonlight streamed through the open door and fell on a small white figure.

‘Who is there?’ demanded the doctor. Both men moved slowly forward, and

suddenly the figure gave a cry. It was Heidi, trembling and blinking in the light!

‘What are you doing here, my child?’ asked Herr Sesemann in surprise.

‘I – I don’t know,’ whispered Heidi. Her feet were bare, and all she had on was her little white nightgown. She was shivering with cold as well as fright. The doctor put his pistol down and carried Heidi gently upstairs to bed. ‘That doesn’t matter,’ he said in a kind voice. ‘Now tell me where you wanted to go.’

‘Every night I dream I’m with Grandfather,’ replied Heidi, ‘and I run quickly and open the cottage door to see the pine trees. But when I wake up I am still in Frankfurt.’

Then the doctor asked Heidi all about her grandfather and his cottage. As she told him, the tears gushed from her eyes and her whole body shook with sobs. The doctor stroked her head. ‘Try to sleep



now,' he said gently. 'In the morning, everything will be all right.'

He went downstairs and told Herr Sesemann that Heidi had been sleepwalking because she was so homesick. The only thing that would help would be for her to return to her grandfather at once.

CHAPTER NINE

Back to the Alm



THE NEXT MORNING, Heidi could scarcely believe that she was on her way home at last. It was a sad day for Clara, but her father promised that she could visit Heidi the following year.

The journey passed quickly, and it wasn't long before Heidi arrived at Grandmother's cottage. She took twelve fresh, soft white rolls from her basket and

piled them on the old lady's lap.

Grandmother was delighted with the rolls, but she was even more delighted to have Heidi at her side once more. Then Heidi set off for her grandfather's cottage, promising to return the next day.

The sun was setting as Heidi climbed the steep path, and she stopped to gaze at the wonderful sight that lay before her. Even in her dreams, she had not remembered how beautiful it was.

The mountains rose like flames above the snowfield. Far below stretched the valley, and all around everything glittered and sparkled.

At last Heidi reached the cottage and found Grandfather sitting outside, smoking his pipe. Heidi threw herself into his arms, crying, 'Grandfather! Grandfather!'

For a minute or two, the old man couldn't speak. His eyes were wet with tears, which he brushed away roughly



with the back of his hand. He lifted his granddaughter onto his knee and kissed her.

Heidi gave him a leather money bag and a letter from Herr Sesemann. When Grandfather had read the letter, he gave the money bag to Heidi. 'I have no need for money,' he said. 'You keep it, Heidi.' Heidi wanted to use the money to buy fresh rolls every day for Grandmother.

That night Heidi slept peacefully for the first time in nearly a year. It was so wonderful to be in her little bed of hay!

The following Sunday, Grandfather and Heidi got up early and walked down to the village. They were going to church, because Heidi had told Grandfather how Grandmamma had taught her to say her prayers every day. The villagers were amazed to see the Alm-Uncle in church.

After the service, Heidi and her grandfather went to the pastor's house,

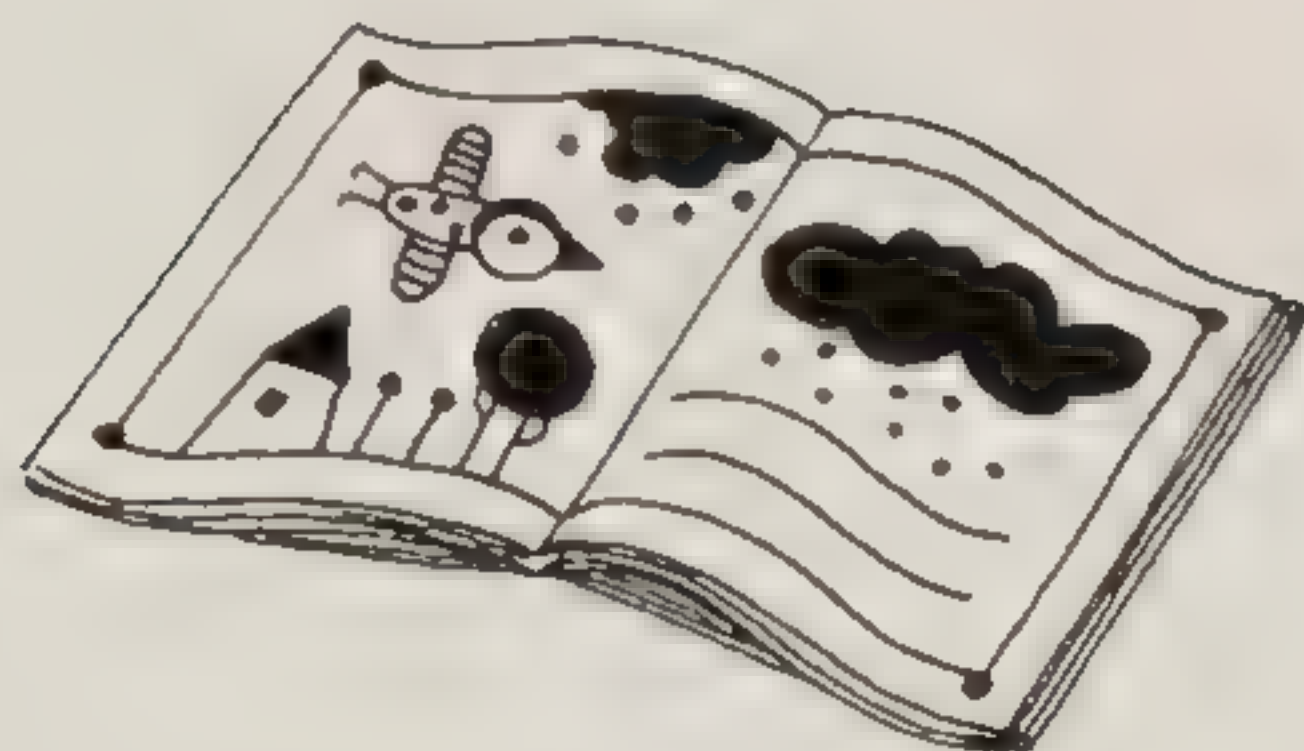


where the pastor greeted the Alm-Uncle like an old friend.

Grandfather told the pastor that he had decided to move to the village for the winter, so that Heidi could go to school every day. Thanks to Heidi, Grandfather was no longer the fierce old Alm-Uncle who hated everybody.

CHAPTER TEN

Winter in Dorfli



AS SOON AS the first snows fell, Heidi and her grandfather shut up the cottage. They moved into a big old house in Dorfli, and Heidi started going to school.

Heidi liked her new home. The house had been empty for many years, and part of it was in ruins, but Grandfather had been able to make it comfortable. In one corner of the biggest room stood a huge stove. It was

decorated with blue and white tiles, with a wooden bench all round it. In the space between the stove and the wall Grandfather had built a high wooden bed for Heidi.

Heidi liked going to school as well, and the winter passed happily for her. But she missed seeing Grandmother. One day the snow froze hard, and Heidi was able to walk up to Peter's cottage. It was very cold, and Grandmother was trying to keep warm in bed. She had an old grey shawl wrapped round her shoulders.

Heidi read aloud some of Grandmother's favourite hymns.

'If only Peter could read to me,' sighed the old woman, 'my days wouldn't be so dull.'

So, for the next few weeks, Heidi spent every spare moment teaching Peter to read. What a lovely surprise Grandmother had when her grandson read to her for the very first time!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

News from Clara



SPRING CAME, AND the snows melted. It was time to leave Dorfli and return to the cottage. How wonderful it was to be back on the Alm again!

Clara had written to Heidi, to say that she and Grandmamma would be coming to visit very soon. Sure enough, one sunny morning, a strange procession could be seen making its way up the

steep mountain path. In front was Grandmamma, riding a fine horse. Then came two men carrying Clara in a special chair. They were followed by another man who was pushing Clara's wheelchair.

When the visitors reached the cottage, Grandfather and Grandmamma greeted each other warmly. They had heard so much about each other that they felt like old friends.

Grandfather lifted Clara gently into her wheelchair, and the men returned to the village.

Clara and Grandmamma were entranced by everything they saw. They spent a wonderful day on the Alm, but all too soon it was time to leave.

Then Grandfather suggested that Clara should stay for a few weeks. The pure mountain air and the simple food would do her good. Grandmamma agreed



at once. She set off on her own, promising to write very soon.

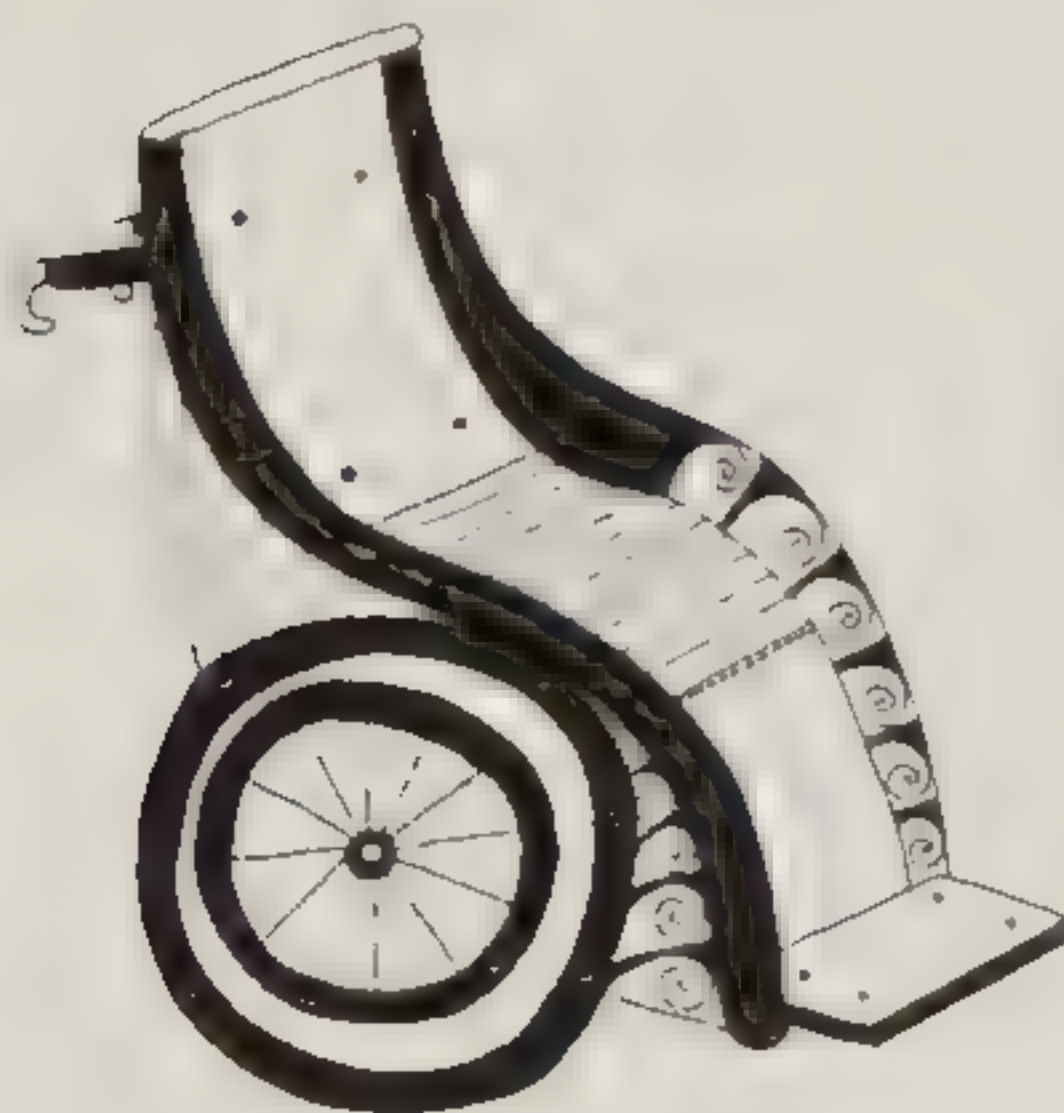
Grandfather made Clara a lovely soft bed in the hayloft, and that night she lay next to Heidi, gazing at the stars. She had never been so happy.

As each day passed, Clara became stronger. Her cheeks glowed with health, and her eyes sparkled with happiness.

The only person who wasn't happy was Peter. Heidi was spending all her time with Clara, and he hardly ever saw her.

CHAPTER TWELVE

An Unexpected Event



EVERY MORNING WHEN Grandfather lifted Clara into her wheelchair, he made her stand with both feet on the ground. At first she cried out in pain, but each day she stood for a little longer.

Clara was longing to see the pasture, so one morning Grandfather put her wheelchair ready outside the cottage,

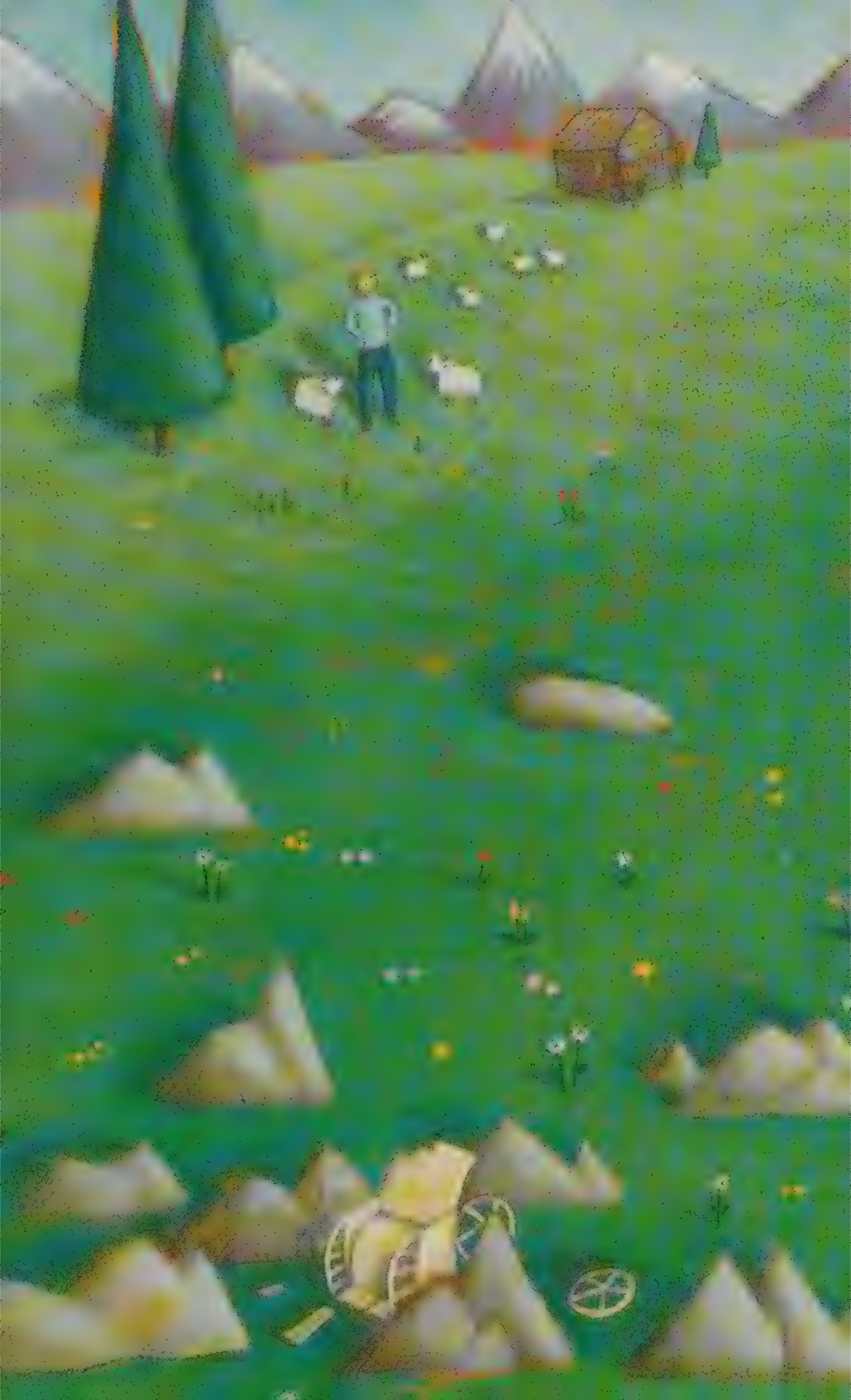
before going inside to make breakfast.

Just then Peter came by with the goats. The sight of the wheelchair made him very angry. He thought that if the wheelchair disappeared Clara would have to go back to Frankfurt, and he would have Heidi all to himself again.

Without another thought, he pushed the wheelchair with all his might. It rolled down the mountainside and smashed to pieces on the rocks far below. Peter laughed loudly, then ran all the way to the pasture.

When Grandfather brought Clara outside, he couldn't think what had happened to the wheelchair. But it didn't stop Clara from going to the pasture. Grandfather carried her all the way there. Peter's heart sank when he saw her, but he said nothing.

Clara and Heidi spent a wonderful day on the pasture. Heidi wanted Clara to see



all the most beautiful flowers which grew at the other side of the pasture. Clara couldn't see them from where she was sitting, and Heidi called Peter to help her to lift Clara. At first Peter refused, but at last he agreed to help.

Peter and Heidi held Clara tightly round her waist, and Heidi told Clara to take a step. Clara tried, and cried out in pain. But the second step she took didn't hurt so much. Then, almost before she knew it, she had taken several steps, with Peter and Heidi still helping her. She was so excited she could hardly speak. To think that she could walk!

When Grandfather returned, he was delighted to hear that Clara had taken a few steps. But he didn't want her to get too tired, so he carried her all the way home.

The next day Clara took a few more steps, this time with Grandfather



helping her. Heidi sat down and wrote to Grandmamma, inviting her to the Alm once more. But she didn't tell her that Clara had started to walk. It was to be a surprise.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Promises to Meet Again



WHEN GRANDMAMMA ARRIVED, she was astonished to see Clara sitting on the bench outside the cottage.

‘Why, Clara, is it really you?’ she cried joyfully. ‘I hardly recognized you. Your cheeks are so rosy and round! And you’re not in your wheelchair!’ Then she gasped in disbelief as Clara got up and, with Heidi’s help, walked slowly towards her.

The old lady hugged her granddaughter, then she hugged Heidi. She looked across at the Alm-Uncle with tears of happiness in her eyes.

‘How can I ever thank you?’ she cried. But Grandfather said it was the fresh air and the goats’ milk that had helped Clara most.

Grandmamma wanted to send a telegram to Clara’s father, telling him to come at once. She wrote the message down and gave it to Peter to take to the post office.

But Clara’s father was already on his way there. He had finished his business and come straight to Switzerland to see his daughter. He was making his way up the Alm when he met Peter and asked if he was on the right path.

Peter thought Herr Sesemann must be a policeman from Frankfurt who had come to arrest him for breaking the



wheelchair. He was so frightened that he turned and ran, dropping the telegram in his haste.

When at last Herr Sesemann found the cottage, he saw a tall, fair girl with rosy cheeks walking towards him. She was leaning on a smaller, dark-haired girl. He stopped and stared at them.

‘Papa, don’t you know me?’ asked Clara. ‘Have I changed so much?’

Herr Sesemann rushed to kiss his daughter. ‘Can this be my Clara?’ he exclaimed. ‘Yes, you have changed indeed!’

He turned to Grandfather and shook his hand warmly. ‘How can I ever repay you?’ he asked.

At that moment, Heidi caught sight of Peter, who was hiding behind the trees, terrified that the man from Frankfurt was going to take him away.

Grandmamma called Peter to her and asked him, very gently, what was

the matter. Peter blurted out the truth at once. He told her how he had pushed the wheelchair down the mountainside because he was jealous of Clara. And he told her that he had lost the telegram.

Grandmamma didn't scold him. She said she understood how he felt, and she wanted to give him a present from Frankfurt. He could have anything he wished.

Peter couldn't believe his ears. After thinking for a while, he said he would like a penny.

Grandmamma laughed and gave him a whole handful of pennies. Peter had never seen so much money in his life. He put the coins in his pocket and, whooping with joy, ran all the way home.

Herr Sesemann asked Heidi if there was anything she would like. Heidi replied that she would like to give her big bed in Frankfurt to Peter's grandmother.

Herr Sesemann promised to send the bed as soon as possible. Then Heidi took Grandmamma to meet Peter's grandmother.

The hours passed quickly, and all too soon it was time to say goodbye. Clara didn't want to leave, but her father promised that she could return to the Alm every year.

Heidi and Grandfather stood and waved to their friends until they disappeared from sight. Everything was bathed in a rosy glow from the setting sun as, hand in hand, they walked back to the little cottage on the Alm.



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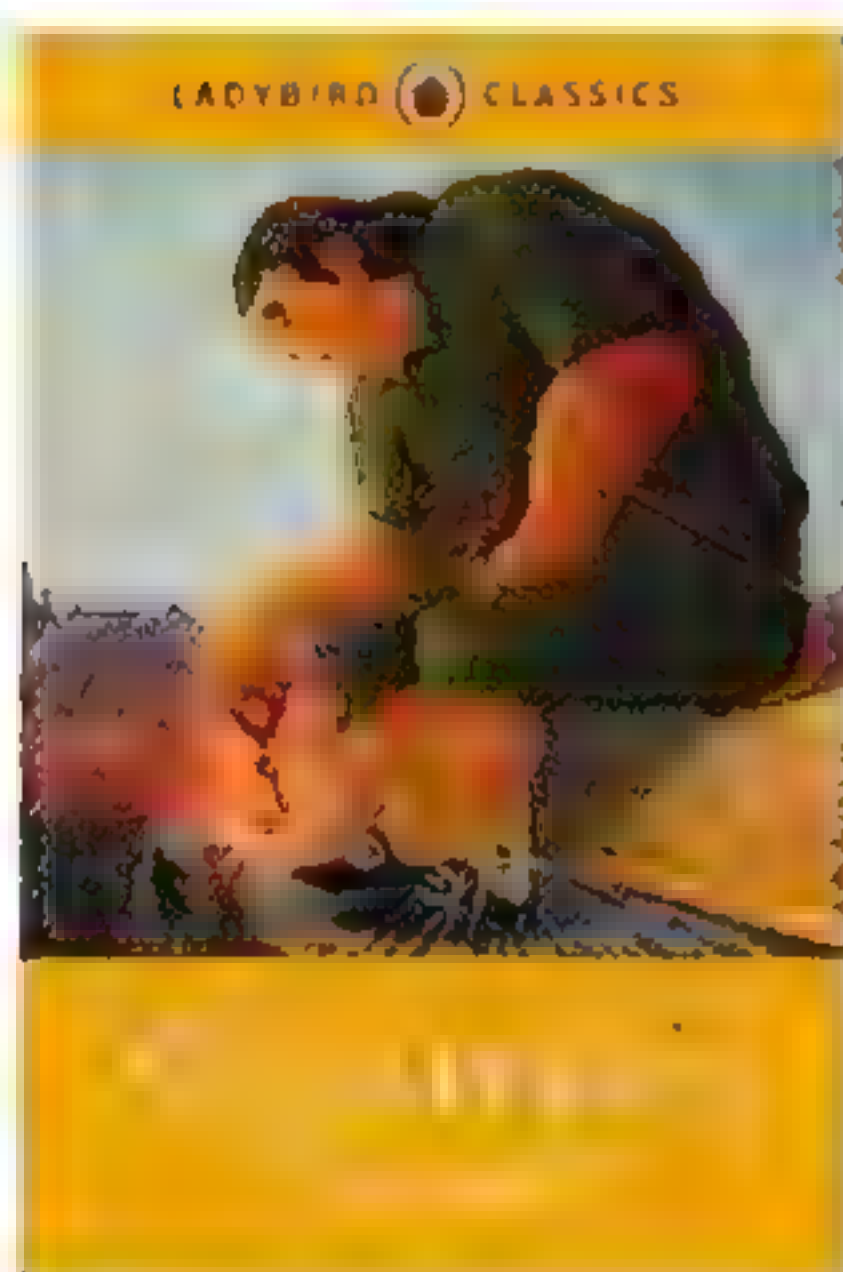
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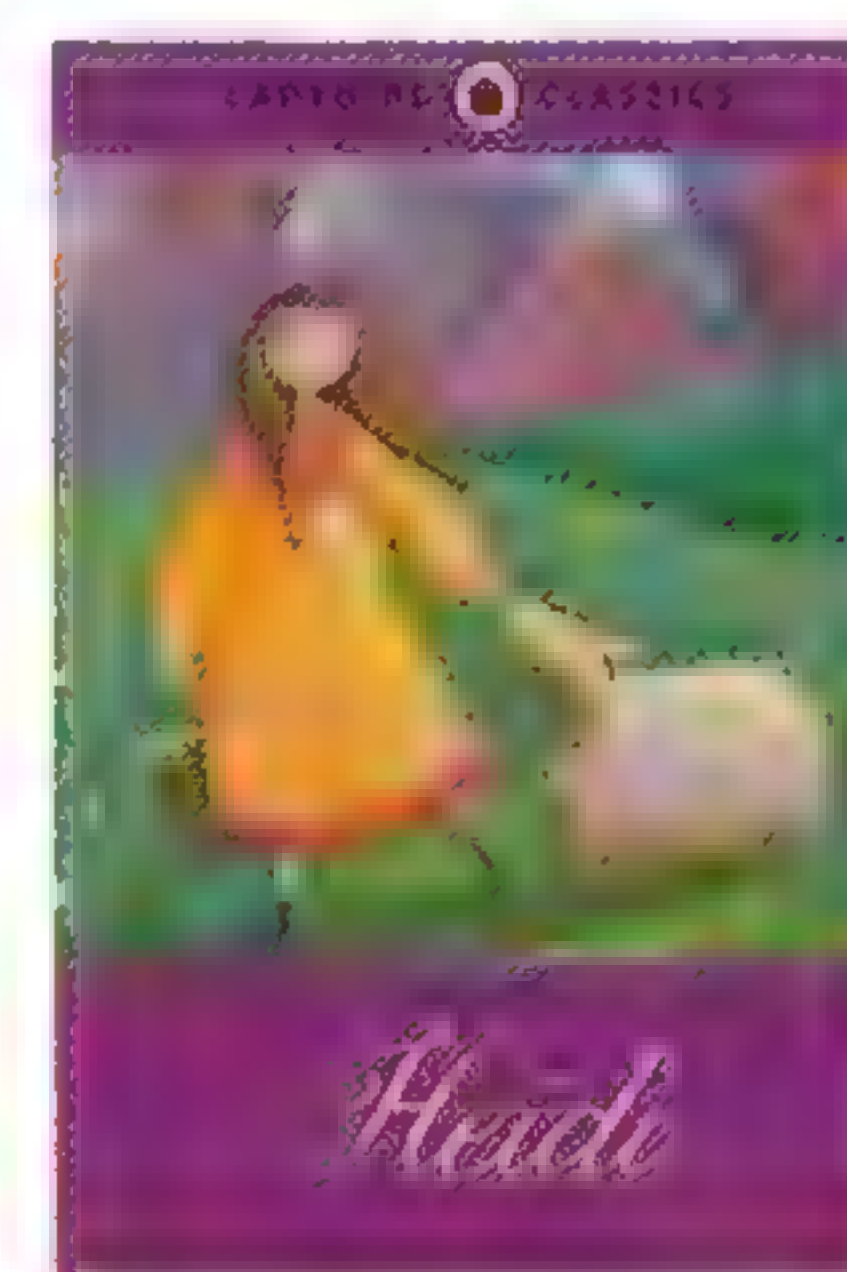
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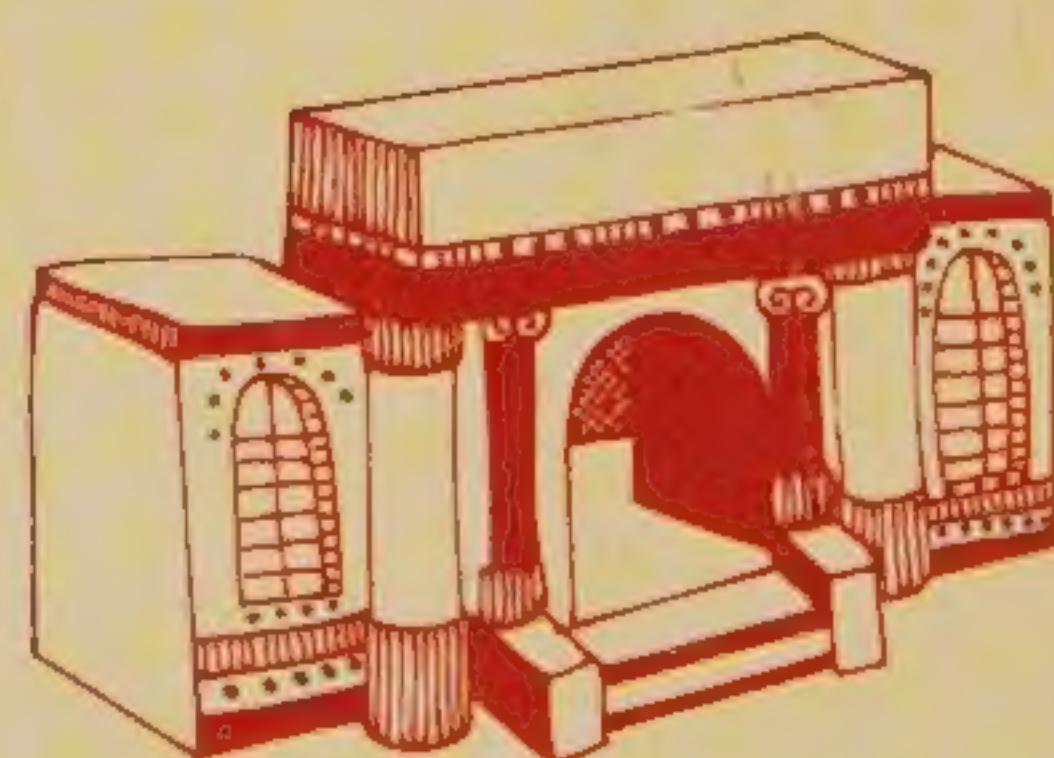
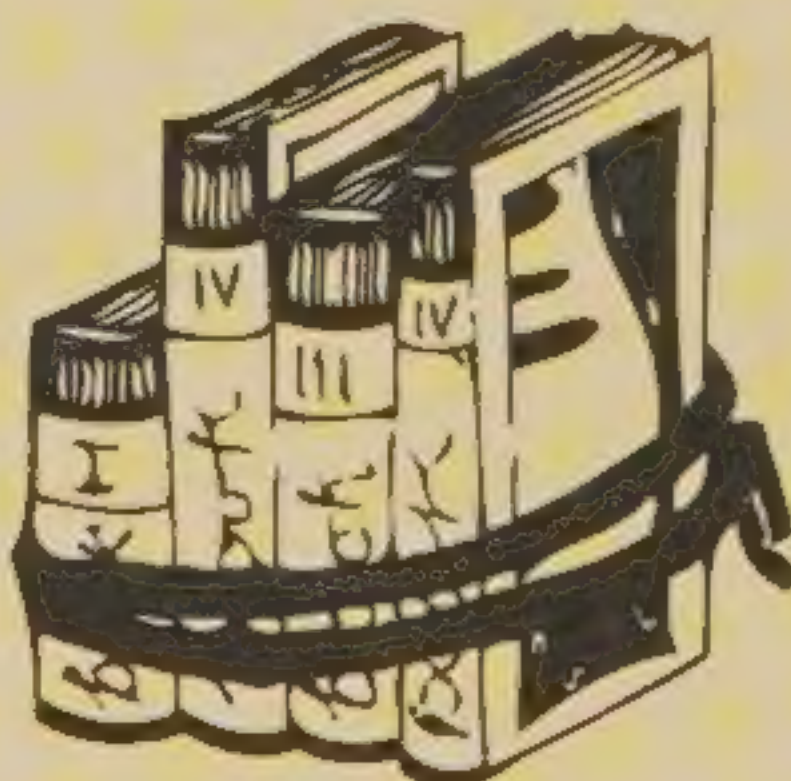
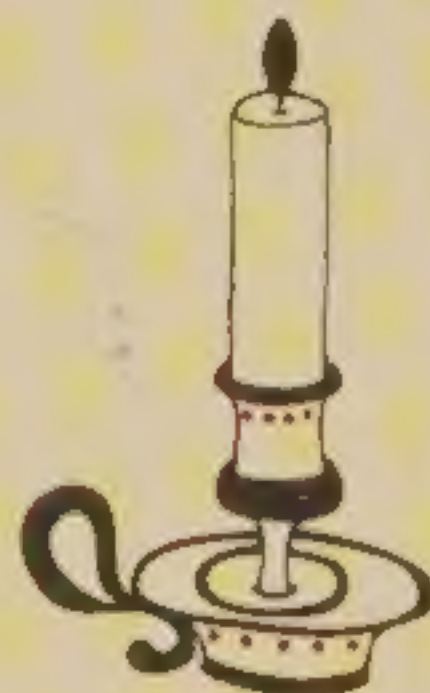
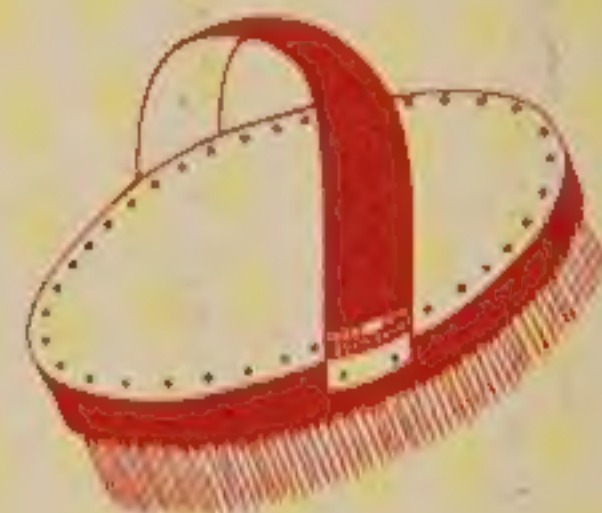
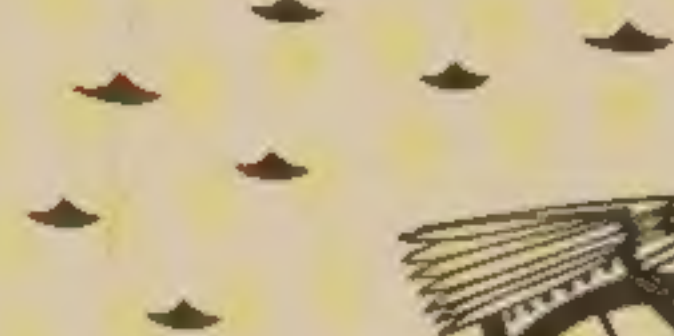
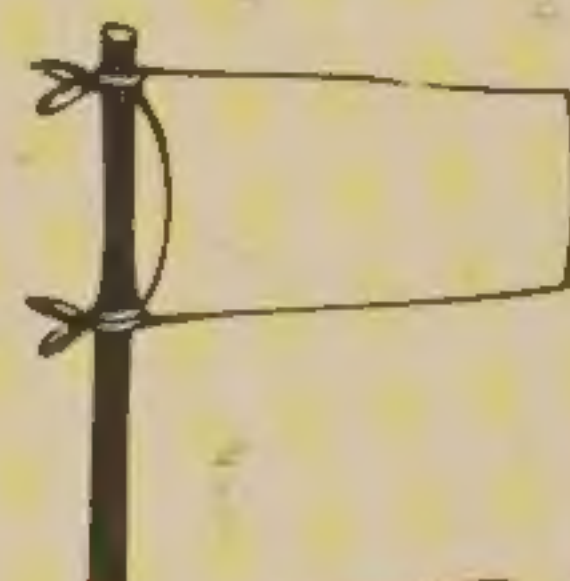
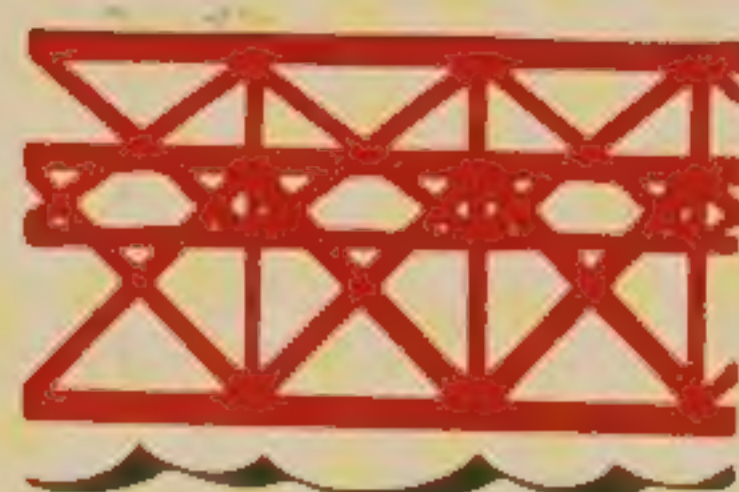
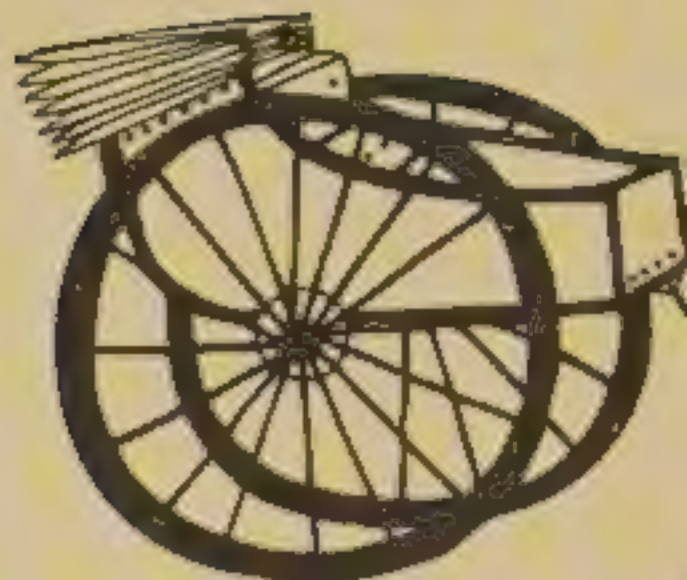
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